

UNITY.

FREEDOM, + FELLOWSHIP + AND + CHARACTER + IN + RELIGION.

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SPEED "THE HALO"! *

God bless the little poem! fill its sails
And send it cleaving lightly through the air,
E'en as an angel's skiff that softly trails
A lustrous, heavenly beauty everywhere.

It has its mission—so to reach and wake
The strong maternal instinct slumbering
Deep down in beauty's bosom, as to make
The mother-love in birds a sacred thing;

A something that the soul doth recognize,
And claim as kindred to itself; a pain
With which the human heart *must* sympathize;
A joy that bids the soul rejoice again.

Until we reach the one Creator through
His humblest creature—learn his meaning thus—
We miss a tender word divinely true,—
An avenue to God is closed to us.

MINNIE STEBBINS SAVAGE.

COOKSVILLE, Wisconsin.

WE are under obligation to our various correspondents and contributors for interesting and welcome matter recently received for these columns. But, brethren, we cannot put a quart into our pint measure. Count your words and see how they overflow. Short metre tunes are the only ones that are singable in these columns. Brevity must be the body as well as the soul of your wit.

A CORRESPONDENT from Montreal thus calls attention to a side of truth too seldom employed by our preachers. "What a marvellous power for evil lies in the hands of even the meanest man! A fool may slay a president and a knave can throw a whole community into mourning. Owing to the labors of a medical demagog, the rising generation in the French part of this city has been but sparsely vaccinated, and now we are all reaping the bitter fruit of this wicked teaching. Our city to-day presents a striking example of the efficiency of Jenner's discovery."

A VENERATED father in the Unitarian ministry writes us a word which ought to make us all the more zealous in our pacific enthusiasm. "I entirely approve of the policy of UNITY in its exclusion of controversy. Let it state our position, our beliefs, our methods of work clearly, frankly and affirmatively, without much reference to what others believe. Perhaps we are not competent to state the beliefs of others. To state them truly requires an inside and not an outside view. To justly criticise

"we must know and have sympathy with an organization. We will justly praise when we can—we will never blame when we do not fully understand the matter."

MR. SAVAGE's presentation of the positive aspects of Unitarianism in a recent sermon before the South Middlesex conference at Billerica, ought to make those who heard it feel that Unitarians have a strong and reasonable faith that is worthy service and sacrifice. We believe in

1. Freedom of thought.
2. A progressive revelation.
3. All truth as one and equally divine.
4. Goodness at the heart of all things, assuring a divine destiny for all souls.

Comparing this belief with the common orthodox standard, Mr. Savage maintained that in every case we assumed the positive position. Thus, concerning God, they deny his goodness; we affirm it fully and completely. Concerning free thought, we have faith in the capacity of the human mind; they are faithless. Concerning the nature and destiny of man, we are hopeful, they are despairing. As to the Bible, their belief makes God partial to one people above others, and the Holy Spirit fallible; we have a higher confidence in both. Even in regard to Christ our view is the more hopeful because their theory makes Christ a monstrosity and makes his mission an expedient showing that God despaired of his creation, ours does neither. To us then of the free, democratic, American church the religious hope of the world is turning, just as the world's political hope is looking toward our free representative government. Dare we be unloyal?

C. J. S.

It is but a step from a morality fully believed in and earnestly practiced to the idea of God as its source and support, and yet how many fail to assume that final grace and crown their virtue with their piety. So many men are unconsciously religious. They reverence truth, and right; they have a high sense of duty, a generous enthusiasm for ideal goodness, a warm, human sympathy, and yet remain without any just conception of that Being in whom all their moral activity finds its true center and significance. They feel the prompting of a superior nature within them. Their soul is stirred with mysterious impulses and desires, yet they do not articulate in the language of faith their veneration and love and trust. But while they thus meditate or yearn, the Divine One is actually present with their spirits, and breathes into them his higher strength and holiness. The astronomer Kepler declared: "My highest desire is that the deity whom I discover everywhere in the external universe may also be disclosed in equal measure to my spirit within". Goethe, commenting

*See UNITY of May 9 or September 5, 1885.

on this utterance, writes: "The noble man did not realize that in that very moment the divine in him was in the most intimate connection with the "Divine Presence of the universe". How much nobler, how much sweeter were it not if this unconscious, unthinking drift towards truth and goodness were exchanged for the devout recognition that it is God who worketh in us, and not we ourselves! For then man's spirit, transfigured with the light of religion, would take new joy in duty, and feel increased incentives for unselfish and holy living, saying with the great teacher, "I must be perfect, for lo! my Father in heaven is perfect"!"

C. W. W.

THE venerable F. W. Newman, now in his eightieth year, writes a genial letter to W. J. Potter, the president of the Free Religious Association. He says: "In my *spirits*, I am certainly as young as ever; and perhaps I ought to add that I largely attribute this to *two* facts. I can never remember to have drunk a sip of wine or beer in a solitary meal (in my boyhood, healths were drunk in company everywhere), and for eighteen years I have disused meals of flesh."

NOT seldom we are reminded of the deficiencies of our western colleges. But the other day I took up a catalogue of Yale divinity school and I thought I saw there an indication of the *breadth* of our western thought. The subjects chosen for theses by those who were candidates for the degree of B. D. are given in the catalogue. The graduates of Yale college chose the following subjects: "The Biblical Representations of Heaven", "Benefits of the Hierarchical System During the First Christ Millennium", "Magic in the Old Testament", "Christ's View of His Own Divinity". Other eastern college graduates chose the following subjects: "Immortality in the Old Testament", "The Hebrew Conception of the Relation of God to the World", "Exposition of the Lord's Prayer", "The Atonement, the Offering and the Sacrifice", "The Hypothesis of a Future Probation from the New Testament Standpoint", "The Origin of the New Testament Greek and the Peculiar Characteristics which distinguish it from the Classical Greek", "The Scriptural Doctrine of Marriage", "The Prayers of Christ". No doubt the subjects were handled in a satisfactory manner, but they somehow hint a wonderful narrowness, as if it were impossible to think outside of the Bible. One or two of the eastern graduates get outside the Bible, but only a little way, one of them choosing Anselm as his subject. The graduates of the western colleges seem to broaden out a little. "See", I say, for we have only the titles of the theses before us. Here are the subjects: "The Greek and Hebrew Idea of Sin", "The Philosophical Grounds of Eternal Punishment", "The Relation of Stoicism and Christianity Historically Considered". These are from graduates of a Missouri college. An Ohio man chose as his subject, "Realism and Nominalism in their Influence on the Theology of the Scholastic Period". A Minnesota man was seemingly trying to take a real broad view of theology. His subject was "The Ultimate Criterion of Ethics." One or two western men had biblical enough subjects

—one taking as his the "Necessity of an Atonement". One reading over these subjects cannot but be impressed with the fact that the young men of the west are less in the ruts than their brethren of the east; they are trying to do broader thinking. I had no thought of finding this confirmation where I did, namely, in the Yale divinity school catalogue.

A. W.

CULTURE'S CONTRIBUTION TO RELIGION.

Culture and religion, in their fullest sense, stand for realities that intertwine and run together. Undertake to separate them and you thwart the growth of both; force an antagonism and you make the highest attainment impossible in either; permanently divorce them and you mutilate both. But we are compelled to admit the fact that in practice they are not the mutual helpers they ought to be. They are frequently found in one another's way, and their respective champions, accepting as permanent the antagonisms of the past, are not infrequently found in hostile camps. And there is no work more important at the present time than that of reconciling these twin sisters to one another. By culture we mean a wide acquaintance with the thought of the ages, a loving intimacy with the master minds of the race, an appreciative familiarity with as many of the facts and forces of nature as may be reached, and a power to think honestly coupled with a noble desire for knowledge. Such culture teaches religion humility, releases it from the tyranny of the majority, gives it larger foothold upon the permanent, and above all, makes religion *catholic*. When the Jew realizes that there was lofty wisdom in Egypt before Moses was, that Cyrus not only allowed the captives to return to their chosen land, but that they took with them the Persian faith and angels, the Persian theology concerning the devil, a clearer, if not a new, faith in the future life, he will leave behind his exclusive pretensions of a chosen nation. And when the Christian is taught by culture that out of Vedic hymns, Buddhistic sayings and Chinese lore, as well as out of Hebrew psalm and New Testament parable may be gathered the magnificent liturgy of the human race, he will cease to contend for his exclusive "Word of God", or the dogmatic prerogative of his Christian word or dogma. And when the Protestant has culture enough to know the white souls of the Catholic church, her Chrysostom, St. Bernard, Savonarola, Fenelon, a Kempis, when he learns more of her world-wide missionary schemes, her imperishable art, her sublime architecture, her maternal tenderesses, and her divine dream of universal brotherhood, he will balance his indignation at her faults with an appreciation of her beauties. Not the less, but the more religious will he be when he can say with Matthew Arnold, "The man of imagination, aye, the philosopher, too, in spite of her propensity to burn him, will always have a weakness for the Catholic church, because of the rich treasures of the human life which have been stored within her pales." When he who is so strenuous about the proper rendering of the Greek verb *baptizo* that he cannot give religious fellowship to those who refuse his author-

itative dictionary, learns that Wordsworth sang his songs, West painted his pictures, Lincoln wrote his Emancipation Proclamation, and that Florence Nightingale walked, an angel of healing mercy, amid the torn soldiers of the Crimea, without ever having been immersed, one would think he would have less appetite for the polemics of the close communion. And when the Unitarian is brought close enough to the heart of life, by culture, to realize that Melancthon was tender as well as Channing; that Luther was brave like Parker; that Cudworth, who accepted the Trinity, had a mind probably as clear and great as Martineau, who rejects it; that Calvin, the burner, was as sincere and true in his convictions as Servetus, the burned; that Patton, the dogmatist, was just as manly in his bigotry as Swing, the liberal, was in his heresy; and that if Longfellow and the chief singers of America struck their harps from the inspiration of the new faith, Elizabeth Barrett Browning and Adelaide Proctor found their harmonies under the inspiration of the old faith, he will care less and less for the rendering of bible texts, or the subtleties of the Incarnation; he will bother himself less and less with wordy statements and the thought-lines that divide the sincere, the earnest and the helpful, and more and more for the living unity that unites the family of man, the character-building that shapes the soul to the likeness of God. Religion, with her ancient lights, says, "God spake unto Moses—'Lead my bondsmen out of Egypt'", and culture says "Yes, and to Abraham Lincoln—'Let the four million slaves go free'". Religion says, "God appeared to Elijah at Horeb, in his discouragement"; "and to Washington at Valley Forge", says culture. "He was with Luther when he nailed his propositions on his chapel door", says religion; "also with Erasmus in his study", says culture. For a long time religion has seen a mystic glory resting upon Sinai; culture may show to religion a similar halo crowning Plymouth Rock and bathing Bunker Hill. A divine halo broods on the brow of Calvary, where bigotry silenced the soul that dared plead for broader thoughts and deeper culture. Is there none over Boston common, where in his name innocent women suffered from a like foe? If we ever realize a catholic religion, culture must help us to it.

DISCRIMINATE.

A series of pretty little books upon behavior has been published, with such titles as "Don't", "Always", "Never", and the latest issued bears upon its dainty cover the word Discriminate. Such is the natural course of evolution; the earlier sentiments or rules of conduct are direct and thorough, whether positive or negative—later we learn to discriminate. "Next to the grace of God in the heart", said one of our venerable divinity school professors, "the most valuable gift for a minister is the ability to distinguish between things that are different." Most true, and the worthy teacher might have added, addressing young men preparing for the Unitarian ministry, your life-work will be largely leading men

to see differences that are real though commonly overlooked—to discriminate.

These thoughts are suggested by a hurried reading of Dr. R. P. Stebbins's little introduction to the Hebrew scriptures, just published by the Sunday-school society, under the title "A Common Sense View of the Old Testament". It is a book filled with wise discriminations. Almost every page contains an unanswerable plea for finer distinctions and more considerate judgment than have hitherto been common. It has been the fashion since the Reformation to judge the Bible wholesale. "Is the Bible true?" It is God's word or it is not. If not, then God has not spoken, and we must all be agnostics or atheists. If yes, then lay thy reason down and accept it whole and unquestioned. But Dr. Stebbins, in common with all who believe in religious progress, would divide the question before answering, and subdivide it in answering, and separate part from part, until the result would be a common sense view of the Bible. "When we open the Bible we find that the sacred books of two religions are contained in it. * * * It would have been well for the world if these two religions had never been bound up together, as there is a tendency to believe that they include only one religion, and that both are of equal authority to the Christian." After speaking further of the divisions into books, he tells us, in a brief and clear manner, of the different documents, two, at least, used by the editor of the Pentateuch in producing the books we now have. "Moses *may* have compiled the book of Genesis", and our author thinks he was the writer of part of Exodus and of Numbers, Leviticus and Deuteronomy. Joshua was not probably the author of the book that bears his name; the book of Judges was written at about the time of David, but contains scraps (songs chiefly) of older literature. The books of Samuel and Kings are placed in the reign of Solomon or later. All the books of the Old Testament are characterized and described at least briefly, and the marvel of it all is that the book contains only 328 pages. It is one of those books, of which our elder Unitarians have produced so many, whose value almost wholly depends upon their falling into orthodox hands, but if so placed it will do good in almost every instance. "It goes just far enough, without going too far", we can imagine some orthodox pastor of the more liberal sort saying of it to his young friend. The young friend will read it, but will not probably rest long in its conclusions.

The publishers seem confident that the book is to be very serviceable among Unitarians, and particularly in our Sunday-schools, but the young man who has read the Bible for Learners, and Kuener's Religion of Israel, or Gannett's Growth of the Hebrew Religion, will find himself quite beyond Dr. Stebbins in regard to date, authorship, etc., of the books of the Old Testament, though he might still find much that is suggestive in this his last work.

What would it avail me if I could destroy my enemies? There would be as many to-morrow. That which I hate and fear is really in myself and no knife is long enough to reach to its heart.—Emerson.

Contributed Articles.

FIRST BLOOM.

Tending my rose-bush from its hour of birth,
I saw with pride the purple sprouts increase,
Nor wonder felt, nor fear 'twould ever cease
Its verdant growth or know the least of dearth
While fed upon the fountain-breast of Earth;
Day after day new stemlets found release,
With not a sign of travail or surcease;
Air, soil and sunlight gave whate'er of worth
Their spirits won from Nature's treasury,
And all the young plant's powers began to pour
Their vital streams to flood harmoniously
The swelling heart of one green bud, which bore
Such treasures that the blossom, bursting free,
With beauty and with fragrance bubbled o'er!

And from the living cup thus bubbling o'er
My soul inhaled rivers of ecstasy,—
Long draughts of strong delight that roused in me
A sense of subtle things—a power of more
Intense communion than I e'er before
Enjoyed, with finer meanings jealously
Enveiled from vulgar eyes: far thoughts that flee
Like heralds when the spirit fain would soar
On sun-bright wings beyond material care.
The Infinite Presence on my forehead spilled
A shower of incense from this urnlet rare,
And thus my voice with adoration thrilled:
"Hail! O, my garden-queen! thy form how fair!
Within thy breast what orient balm distilled!"

This tide of rapture by its own depth stilled—
My waving rose-bloom was beyond compare,
The sweetest censer ever swung in air.
I bent me o'er its petals and was filled
With new, ingenuous tones; I being skilled
In Nature's language, though my words may bear
Unworthy modulation of such prayer
And praise as birds and flowers have fulfilled,
By pure desires and pure devotion led;
But this the purport as to me 'twas borne:
"My father, the Eternal, bids me spread
My branches and my blossoms to adorn
My mother, Earth; above her dewy bed
I bring my earliest offering this bright morn!"

EDWARD LIPPITT FALES.

ST. PAUL, Minnesota.

CHRISTIANITY OR MANHOOD?

Are you a Christian? "Christianity", said the *Observer*, not very long ago, "is the system of religious belief that recognizes Jesus Christ as the only Savior provided for sinners. It is vital to the system that it excludes all other ways and means of salvation."

Are you a Christian? Christianity, the *Independent* remarks within a week or two, "is the gospel plan of salvation as Christ himself taught it and the apostles preached it. . . . Sinners are saved, if at

"all, through grace, and by the suffering and death of Christ."

Are you a Christian? If you have *any religious faith at all you must be*. For, "Outside of Christendom to-day, what faith is there?" asks Dr. James Freeman Clarke in a recent discourse. In this sermon the good Doctor takes all the results of modern scientific knowledge, all the modern improvements in art, all the high benefits of life in lands within the temperate zones,—in fact, takes *modern American and European civilization at its best*, calls that "Christianity", and then asks his question!

Are you a Christian? Professor Seeley, the author of "Ecce Homo", in his latest book, which he calls "Natural Religion", has these passages: "If indeed Christianity at first sprang out of a local miracle, it is not now identical" with belief in such. "It is now something wholly different, namely, the great bond holding the European races and their offshoots in that sort of union out of which naturally springs a common polity. . . . The Christian church is now the visible expression of a true cosmopolitanism."

If Christianity, which now does not seem at all to know exactly what it is itself, shall indeed survive the shock of modern research and progress, and of modern ethical demand, it will survive after the manner of Doctor Clarke and Professor Seeley,—that is positive. If it survive, it will survive not as a scheme of doctrine, or any approach to the same, but as a mutual, world-wide, uplifting power, embracing the good forces of all times and all lands. But then it will be no longer "Christianity"! It will be the Federation of the World,—towards which, through all past ages, thought and love and hope and beauty and good-will, in all the nations of the earth, have been tending. It will be the Commonwealth of Man.

JAMES H. WEST.

GENEVA, Illinois.

PLATO.—VI.

PHYSICS, OR THE PHILOSOPHY OF NATURE.

We have next to consider the Platonic physics, or philosophy of nature, which, as dialectic is the science of original, self-existent being, is the theory of created or generated existence, including man, as he is potentially and by nature rather than as he is actually and in society.

And, first of all, it is necessary, Plato reminds us, to remember that what is created and in process of creation, "being visible and tangible and having a body, and therefore sensible", is apprehended, not by reason, but by "opinion and sense"; and that, therefore, in discussing it we cannot proceed with dialectic certainty but must "observe the rule of probability". Plato evidently shared somewhat Socrates's distrust of physical speculation, regarding it as a kind of pardonable and even praiseworthy indulgence, but far from possessing the dignity and value of true science. "A man may sometimes set aside arguments about eternal things, and for recreation turn to consider the truths of generation which are probable only; thus

1. *Timæus*, 28, 29, 48, etc.

he attains a pleasure not to be repented of; and makes for himself during his life a wise and moderate pastime". The principal interlocutor, accordingly, in the dialogue in which the physical speculations are contained is not Socrates but a Pythagorean named Timæus. The speculations, however, are borrowed from Heraclitus, Empedocles, and Anaxagoras, as well as from the Pythagoreans.

The leading thought of Plato's physics is simply this: The created world is as perfect as possible a manifestation of the Idea: it is a living, intelligent being, "a blessed god". God formed the world because he was good and "desired that all things should be as like himself as possible". It is not an absolutely perfect manifestation, for it contains a certain element of "necessity", which reason had to "persuade" or to "get the better of", though it could not completely annul it, when the world was created.² We may as well note at once that there is a certain disagreement between the *Timæus* and the *Republic* and other of Plato's works in their treatment of phenomena, for whereas in the latter phenomena are regarded as but shadows, in the former they are of "the fairest", God being delighted "with that which he had made". The obstacle to the complete phenomenal realization of the Idea is "matter". God (Idea as final and efficient cause) formed first the world-soul, by uniting as perfectly as possible, according to certain numerical relations, an unchangeable indivisible essence, (Idea as formal cause or fixed intelligent and intelligible nature) and a divisible, corporeal, movable nature, thus creating an intermediate essence partaking of the nature of "the same and other" and possessing the power to declare the "sameness and diversity of things". This meditating, mathematical intelligence—mathematics, it will be remembered, was treated by Plato as mediating between pure science and opinion—God diffused throughout a perfect body, made of the four elements "in the harmony of proportions", smooth, even, perfectly spherical. The soul he formed prior in time and excellence to the body to be the "ruler and mistress" of it¹. The world is thus "a blessed god", not eternal, indeed, but an image of eternity and a perfect whole, indissoluble except by the hand of the creator. Time and the world, created together, were to be without end. The world is guided, according to the sameness and diversity of "motion", into two spheres, that of the fixed stars and that of the planets, all, the fixed stars and the planets, having sons and being gods. The latter revolve about the earth, which is fixed and spherical and is pierced by the spindle or axis of the universe, in spiral courses from west to east. The four elements are not original but were produced out of an eternal, indestructible somewhat, "the receptacle and in a manner the nurse of all generation", an "invisible and formless being which receives all things and attains in an extraordinary way a portion of the intelligible, and is most incomprehensible". Plato seems to identify it with space, a "third nature"—the indivisible essence and the divisible, corporeal essence, already

mentioned, constituting the first and second—"eternal and perceived without the help of sense and by a spurious reason"¹. It is not a corporeal substance, for it is not that out of which but that in which phenomena have become, and it is in its very essence negation or not-being (passive, however, rather than active) and the occasion of the not-being or mutability of phenomena. Plato likens it to a mother, phenomena to a child, and the source of phenomena to a father.¹ It is that element of "necessity" which hinders, while it makes possible, the manifestation of the Idea. It would seem to be, however, not wholly heterogeneous to the Idea, for though "most incomprehensible", "it attains in an extraordinary way a portion of the intelligible"; it is, indeed, as we have just seen, eternal, and is perceived not by sense but by a kind of reason. It is the mean term between phenomena and the Idea, partaking of the nature of both.² Such being the nature of matter, the four elements (fire, air, water, earth,) are not bodies in the corporeal but only in the geometrical sense, fire being a four-faced body, air eight-faced, water twenty-faced, earth six-faced (a cube). We need not follow further a line of thought that was only "probable", i. e., conjectural if not fantastical to Plato himself.

So much for that portion of creation which God himself directly formed. The rest of the work of creation was delivered into the hands of the created gods. These, "imitating the power" of God, formed man and animals, animals being a degraded form of man rather than man a developed animal. The "seed" of the immortal part of the soul of man was provided by God himself. By this part, which is simple, self-identical, self-moving and indestructible, the soul participates in the Idea and is rational. The mortal part has two portions, the spirited (Courage) and the appetitive (Desire). The former is naturally inclined to obey the immortal or rational part of the soul, but is too often dragged down by the appetitive part, which is animal and even vegetable in its instincts. The rational part of the soul is located in the head, Courage in the heart, and Desire in the lower regions, especially the liver, which is the seat also of inspiration and prophecy, these constituting a very low sort of knowledge. To Plato the "parts" of the soul are parts and not faculties. Of their connection he seems to furnish no explanation, nor does he offer any explanation of the inner connection between soul and body, further than to say that the soul was "implanted in the body by necessity", or, to follow the myth of the *Phædrus*, entered it in consequence of a fall from a pre-existent state. (The world-soul and its body are, it will be remembered, thoroughly united.) There is a violent antagonism between soul and body, the influence of the latter upon the former being evil and degrading, the cause of ignorance and of spiritual disease.

The body is the soul's prison. The relation between soul and body is best explained by Plato in the

2. *Timæus*, 59.

2. *Ibid.*, 30, 33 and 48.

1. *Timæus*, 35, 38, 32, 34.

Timæus, 51, 52.

1 *Timæus*, 50.

2. Zeller's *Plato and the Older Academy*, pp. 300-308; also Jowett's Introduction to the *Timæus*, Sec. 3.

celebrated myth of the charioteer and winged horses, symbolizing reason on the one hand, and courage and desire on the other.¹ "Now the winged horses and the charioteer of the gods are all of them noble, and of noble breed, while ours are mixed; and we have a charioteer who drives them in a pair, and one of them is noble and of noble origin, and the other is ignoble and of ignoble origin; and as might be expected, there is a great deal of trouble in managing them."

* * * Now the chariots of the gods, self-balanced, upward glide in obedience to the rein; but the others have a difficulty, for the steed who has evil in him, if he has not been properly trained by the charioteers, gravitates and inclines and sinks towards the earth; and this is the hour of extremest agony and conflict of the soul. For the immortal souls, when they are at the end of their course, go out and stand upon the back of heaven [the sphere of the fixed stars] and the revolution of the spheres carries them round, and they behold the world beyond." When through the unruliness of the steeds the soul is unable to rise high enough fully to "behold the vision of truth, and through some mishap sinks beneath the double load of forgetfulness and vice, and her feathers fall from her and she drops to earth, then the law ordains that this soul shall in the first generation pass, not into that of any other animal, but only of man, and the soul which has seen most of truth shall come to the birth as a philosopher or artist, or musician or lover; that which has seen the truth in the second degree shall be a righteous king or warrior or lord; the soul which is of the third class shall be a politician or economist or trader; the fourth shall be a lover of gymnastic toils or a physician; the fifth a prophet or hierophant; to the sixth a poet or imitator will be appropriate; to the seventh the life of an artisan or husbandman; to the eighth that of a sophist or demagogue; to the ninth that of a tyrant: all these are states of probation, in which he who lives righteously improves, and he who lives unrighteously deteriorates his lot. The soul's chief inspiration to righteousness is the recollection of the eternal beauty of which it heard or caught a glimpse. This "wingless probation" lasts, for the soul of the philosopher or the lover who is faithful to his insight three thousand years, the soul then returning to the place whence it came.

Others are judged "when they have completed their first life"; and at the end of the first thousand years have a new choice of life, the good and the bad souls both taking what they like. "And the soul of the man may pass into the life of a beast, or from the beast again into the man"; but the souls of those who have not seen the truth will not pass into human forms but into the forms of animals. After death souls are classified as holy, ordinarily good, curably wicked, and incurably wicked. The last are punished eternally.

Now in this myth, of which we have given but fragments, there are closely interwoven several essential principles of the Platonic psychology: the mixed character of the soul, its participation in the idea and the claim of the idea to be realized in it, the

pre-existent state, the recollection of that state, the imperfect realization of the idea in the world of sense, the immortality of the soul, a future retribution, and the transmigration of souls. The connection between these may be briefly though imperfectly indicated as follows: the soul, as participating in the idea, must be prior to the body; it must, even though immersed in the slough of sense, retain some recollection of that pre-existent state, for the idea *is* and cannot be wholly obliterated by sense; but the idea as the good cannot be wholly realized in the world of sense, hence there must be a future state and future retribution; and, finally, as the character of the retribution varies, the immediate surroundings, or bodies of souls, must change. We may profitably dwell a moment on the doctrines of pre-existence, recollection and immortality. The doctrines of pre-existence and recollection seemed to Plato to follow not only from the theory of the soul as an offshoot of the idea, but also from the nature of knowledge psychologically considered.¹ The boy Meno knows nothing of geometry, and yet Socrates succeeds in getting him to understand a geometrical demonstration, which would be impossible, thinks Plato, if the principles of demonstration had not been already implicit in the boy's mind.² Again, in the *Phædo*,³ occurs the argument, among others, that though we say that pieces of wood or stone are "equal", we yet perceive that they are not absolutely equal, and the conclusion is that the soul possesses by a sort of recollection implying pre-existence the conception of absolute equality. The arguments for immortality may be summarized as follows: "the soul is "ever in motion" and self-moving; it cannot be destroyed by immorality, the only thing that could destroy it, if anything could; the soul is immortal because God is good, and cannot allow so beautiful a creation to be destroyed; the desire for absolute knowledge and for a future life implies immortality; opposites pass into each other, sleeping into waking, death into life, etc.; pre-existence implies immortality; the soul is an invisible essence, and so possesses the imperishable, indestructible nature of the idea; the soul is not a result of the "harmony" of the bodily activities, but is itself rather a principle of harmony; it participates in the idea of life, is immortal by reason of the very fact that it *lives*. In the *Phædo* (79) Plato conceives immortality as synonymous, not with everlastingness, but with wisdom, *i. e.* perfect self-knowledge and self-affirmation, in other words, ideal, self-sustained activity. This is really the fundamental conception of all the above given arguments for immortality; it is indeed a fundamental conception of the whole Platonic philosophy. The soul is, and its affirmations are true, because it is self-conscious self-determination, a perfect realization of the conception, a complete harmony of the one and the many, a substantial reality.

B. C. BURT.

1. *Phædo*, 81-83.

2. *Meno*, 81-83.

3. *Phædo*, 74, etc.

4. See Ueberweg, vol. I., p. 127. See also *Phædrus*, 245; *Republic*, 609; *Timæus*, 41; *Phædo*, 62-107.

1 *Phædrus*, 246-255.

THE NEW ORTHODOXY.

The effort to produce orthodoxy of faith has been tried for centuries, and has failed. We cannot regret this altogether; for how flat, stale, and unprofitable would life become if all people thought exactly alike. Let us have a "change of base", and try "Orthodoxy of Life" as the new departure. Perhaps the name might be improved upon:—that is of secondary importance:—what we want is the thing itself:—sound, true, pure, honest, helpful, aspiring life. There would be ample room for difference of opinion here, without so much acrimony. Cards or no cards might be discussed, but gambling would be beyond debate; theatre or no theatre, dancing or no dancing would be suitable topics for friendly inquiry; but unclean suggestions and impure thoughts would be ruled out by all. Suppose each of the sexes began by resolve that they would never do, say, or suggest anything that could possibly become a pitfall to one of the opposite sex, or could minister, in the slightest degree, to their moral degradation or physical decay. Then suppose that all women would renounce every fashion, practice and aim that would be prejudicial if practiced by their younger sisters, not only of the home circle, but of the great family circle of the world; and suppose that all men of twenty-one years of age and upwards would abolish every habit and custom, and every mode of thought and expression that would tend to the demoralization of youths under that age. Suppose all brothers would be as attentive to their own as to other people's sisters, and suppose all sisters would try to appreciate their own brothers as they do the brothers of their friends. Suppose all husbands resolved to fulfill their promise to love, honor and cherish those whom they had taken to their hearts and homes; and suppose all wives determined to be as helpful and fascinating to their husbands as to their lovers. Suppose:—But we think we have done enough supposing at present, and would rather now urge an attempt to make real that which we have just suggested as ideal. Nothing has been proposed that is not quite reasonable; and nothing but that should be easy of accomplishment. We should like to see a church established whose creed was "righteousness and purity in actual practice". It would have a large field to work in here; and we are quite sure it would find an appropriate heaven to offer to its disciples; in fact, we rather think it would have the monopoly of all the heaven there is, either here or hereafter. There is need of a "new departure" in this matter of "life". Who will inaugurate the new "Orthodoxy of Conduct"? Let the brave apostle speak out, disciples will not be lacking.

W. N. EVANS.

MONTREAL, Sept., 1885.

A CORRECTIVE NEEDED.

For what? Why, for impatience, petted faith of a well-fed generation—which "feels its oats," which presses onward with undue haste to reach its journey's end. It is a childish trait, and yet we have few children nowadays, but only little men and women! No delicious surprises can be contrived, no pleasant saunterings enjoyed, for every one wants to

know, "Where are we going?" and then "When shall we get there?" as if the only object in traveling were to reach some goal. Botanizing and geologizing, and sketching, and communing with nature,—these pursuits are voted tame and slow. Nobody walks who can command a wheel, and the young bicyclist's high ambition is to vie with the victors of the race-course and to "beat the record". In school, the great point is to rush through the books with the utmost rapidity. Explanations are tiresome; *marks* are won by progress, and *without marks*, no promotions, he is well aware! 'Tis the "system" is in fault. Yes, and the "system" is a part of the hurrying life of to-day; and this again is a result, is it not, plainly, of the world's false estimate of values? How else comes the eager pursuit of trifling pleasures? the frequent failure to choose that which is better worth having?

The precious secrets of the Browning geodes, the thought crystals of hoary mind-heights, the possible "finds" of Hebrew and classic moraines,—these await and reward the plodders, the painstaking and fastidious few. For others, the *Hourly News Gatherer*, the *Daily Dust-Heap*, and similar ephemeral productions of the perpetual Press, afford a mental excitation which is considered by some good enough to take the place of high thinking. For this "we are out of tune", indeed; and because we've no time! Why not begin to draw on eternity, then? What's the use of being immortal if we cannot do this, and so "lay out life in long lines"?

M. H. G.

A GHOST STORY.

I had a dream. In a convention of ministers of different denominations, the question of "Salvation by Faith" had been discussed all day. So zealous had these good men been that the late hours of the evening found them still assembled, while a supper, prepared by the ladies, was waiting for them in the parlors below. Midnight came, and still the great question held them. Many learned opinions had been given; some thought the simple admission of Jesus as the son of God to be faith enough. Others insisted that belief in the actual presence of the blood and body of Christ in the Lord's supper was necessary. What mysterious truths! What sublime learning! The great Luther had often been appealed to, and his ghost invoked by every party. Perhaps it was a desire to obey the invocation of such zealous servants of Christ that brought the rebel monk here. Be that as it may, from the chairman's seat his broad face was clearly seen emerging from the shadow near the door. The chairman grew somewhat pale, yet the day's work had put him into that mood in which the extraordinary is rather expected, and so with all present.

"Brethren", said the chairman, "I see at the door him we all reverence as a master, Doctor Luther. I know you will all be glad to submit the question under discussion to his decision. Most Reverend Father of the church, may I request you to let this august assembly of Christ's servants hear your opinions on

the question of Salvation by Faith, which all day we have been considering?" The rebel monk stepped to the platform. "Father of the church? No, sir. A miserable sinner am I, God pity me, but of *that* crime I plead 'not guilty'. Who is the father of lies? I gave my life to lift the church from dead works and beliefs to a living faith and spirit, but you have made it worse than ever. I preached faith as the glowing love of God, faith in God's endless love, in his readiness to supply our finiteness from his all completeness, to satisfy our hunger and thirst for righteousness; you preach belief, not faith, a cold, blind, dead assent to the results of poor reasoning. My faith is God, filling every gap in my life and my knowledge, and beyond my horizon nothing but God; your faith is a blind assertion bridging every gap in logic, and beyond your horizon to see nothing. In life our works are like small islands in the vast ocean. I taught men that it is not sufficient that the islands be green and fair, but that the whole ocean be pervaded with a new spirit. You forget the ocean and only add one little island of belief, and miscall it faith. You have heard of the naked savage who thought himself well dressed when he had put on the white man's spectacles; thus you use my words concerning faith. Had you understood them, they would have given you a sense of God, the judge, redeemer and father, which would have made it impossible for you here to waste your time in useless speculation, instead of using it to pray for the holy spirit, to serve God, to go about doing good. The church you have made a warm stable for yourselves; Christ is to you a magic name whereby ye draw money from men's pockets. How dare ye call yourselves servants of Christ, who live in ease and wealth, while your brethren starve about you, or cry for work; who live in fine houses, ride in easy carriages, while the world Christ died for is plunged in sin, ignorance, vice and blood! 'Are we our brother's keepers?' I hear ye say. Yes, Cain's brethren ye are, not Christ's! Go home, leave your easy living and your comforts, give to the poor your superfluity and that of your fine churches! go about doing good, serving God, not Mammon, teaching men that the true church is not built of stones, but is life; the true sacrifice, sufferings healed; that God's altars are wherever his sun shines! Wipe from the face of truth the traditions of men. Let your surplices and titles fall and be men again!"

At first the audience listened respectfully, then they smile (they thought he jested), next they grew pale, — he went a little too far, then they grew angry, again they hated him, but at last he lifted them above themselves, they felt for once God above and within. They all stormed to the platform to shake hands with the speaker. "Grand speech! Sublime! Poetic! How stirring! What a pity that only we heard it!" "What a sublime ending to an inspiring day!" said the chairman in adjourning the meeting. "The reporters would like to know if he has the speech in writing."

The supper is still waiting. "Does he drink wine? would he ask the blessing?" "Donnerwetter! what does it mean! Are we in a theatre, do they take me for an actor?"

It is too much for the reformer. Popes, cardinals and archdukes were easy to meet compared with this sublimate of hypocrisy and sham. He can neither speak nor act, but is borne along till he finds himself at a rich table where the triumphs of God's church are to be duly glorified by eating and speech-making. "Will he ask the blessing?" He stares at them. "Gott sich erbarme! Are these the men to bring about God's kingdom on earth! Let me speak plainly to you. Ye are the hypocrites and vipers with whom our Christ would not have patience!"

He stood, silently looking at them one by one, while they stared at him, unable to decide whether his words were those of a mad man, a jest, or an insult to be resented, till it dawned upon them that he meant every word; then there was a tumult in which the name Martin Luther could not save the man from an exit more hasty than his mysterious entrance.

I woke, glad that it was a dream for Luther's sake.
H. TAMBS LYCHE.

Correspondence.

A MONTH'S POSTAGE STAMPS.

Will not this letter move somebody, perhaps twelve somebodies, to send each a month's postage stamps to the young-hearted missionary who so gladly volunteers his time and skill to the Kansas Post-office Mission? Young-hearted,—a believer in and worker for "the good times coming apace", although the "Year-Book" says that John S. Brown was "ordained" in 1844, and his Kansas yesterdays run back to the gloomy years which gave the other John Brown frontier fame.
W. C. G.

There are no sermons or tracts that I send out with more confidence in regard to their acceptability and usefulness than those of Mr. Savage and Mr. Chadwick,—the very kind I prize. I have received from some source, I think from Miss LeBaron, of your city, ten copies weekly of Mr. Savage's sermons. Both of these series of sermons are pearls, not to be cast around indiscriminately, but to be sent to broad-minded and deeply thoughtful persons.

Having lived in Kansas nearly thirty years, I am pretty well acquainted with the people of the state, and think I am acquainted with their needs in the way of our liberal literature; and so I am able to discriminate and to send each his appropriate food, and such as will appease the hungering soul. James Freeman Clarke's sermons and writings are always acceptable to our Congregational friends of the progressive stamp. Tilden's "Word of God" is an excellent tract to put into the hands of broad and liberal-minded Methodists. Hardly any object to, some greatly admire, A. P. Peabody's sermons; while the "Unity Mission Tracts" are read and admired by all classes of a thoughtful and earnest type.

I never send a sermon, tract or paper without first reading it myself, and then thinking over the individual among my acquaintance upon whose religious biases, tastes and temperament it may make a good impression.

I might do much more than I now do in the work

of distribution if I had the ready cash to purchase stamps. I am more than willing to give the necessary time, but the "stamps" I cannot supply.

I would be glad to preach our Unitarian gospel, through the Tract Mission, to one hundred hearers or readers per week. This would involve an expense of four dollars per month. I am fully persuaded that the Unitarian association would do its best and most efficient work in better encouraging this branch of work. Some time, perhaps, it will make an appropriation of a thousand or two thousand dollars per year to extend this arm of influence.

UNITY is doing a good work. If I were able I would pay for ten copies, weekly, to distribute. It would be as good seed sown in good soil. Now is the day, now the hour to sow broadcast the seed. The ground is prepared to receive it. We must use this spring-time with all our might.

Yours for the good times coming apace,

JOHN S. BROWN.

LAWRENCE, KANSAS.

Unity Supplement No. IV.

GREAT HOPES FOR GREAT SOULS.

PREACHED BEFORE ALL SOULS CHURCH, CHICAGO, OCT. 4, 1885
PUBLISHED BY THE CONGREGATION.

For an helmet, the hope of salvation.—*Paul.*

Man is, properly speaking, based upon Hope; he has no other possession but Hope; this world of his is emphatically the Place of Hope.—*Carlyle.*

Every gift of noble origin
Is breathed upon by Hope's perpetual breath.
—*Wordsworth.*

Let us begin by doing some hoping. Let us do it on a large scale. We will hope for the best and biggest things. We will hope for a release from the grind of poverty, the pinching wants that bring hunger and cold. We will hope the time is coming when men will not have to slave ten or twelve hours a day for the bare necessities of the external life. We will hope that eventually man will rise out of sickness into health, that disease and pestilence will be left behind. We will hope that life will not always be engirdled by so many physical limitations. Blind eyes and deaf ears, crippled legs and paralyzed arms, weak lungs and inflamed stomachs are things we hope the race will some time be able to leave behind. We will hope for more intelligence. The power of the "three Rs"—reading, 'riting and 'rithmetic—has not yet fairly begun its work in the minds of men. We will hope for an intelligence so universal that every one will at least hold in his own hands the keys of knowledge. We will hope that the time is coming when the heart will be better fed than it now is, when there will be less famine of the affections. We will trust that the time is coming when men will cease to break the hearts which in the moments of their conquests they promise to bless. We will hope that the

time is coming when the love-making before the marriage day will not begin to match the love-making of married life. We will hope that children will be welcomed into more sunny heart-climates in the future than in the past, that, however rugged the road may be over which their little feet must pass, it will always be softened by sympathy and shadowed with love. We will hope that this good-will flowing into the homes of the future will overflow into the community, causing the jarring rivalries of parties, clans and governments to cease, putting an end to the bitterness of political intrigue, ameliorating the prejudices and antagonisms of race, color and national strife.

We will hope that the fullness of this heart life will increase the dignity of conscience, pour might into the channels of the right, make duty first the necessity of every life that afterwards it may become the privilege of every life. We will hope that the time will come when the multitude will feel the divine presence in every call of duty, and every young man and woman will be enabled to feel and say with Emerson:

"So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
So near is God to man,
When duty whispers low, 'Thou must',
The youth replies, 'I can.'"

We will hope for a time when religion will be a joyous trust in realities, a sublime following of the ideal, a great inflowing of that peace that comes from the divine passion for harmony, for oneness with the Infinite, for unity with the eternal force and life of the universe. We will hope for a time when churches, instead of being the guardians of dogmas, will become the training schools of character, and the ministers of religion will forget their fruitless work of emphasizing differences of opinion in the large, joyous recognition of the similarities in all religion, the common inspiration that makes potent all names. May the coming minister work for those sanctities which give grandeur to all systems and pour helpfulness into all bibles.

Lastly, we will hope that to every sunset of the soul there may be a sunrise, that the death-glory in the west is the mortal view of an eastern birth-glory that breaks upon the immortal vision. We will hope that every soul disciplined by the struggles of this life shall have another chance, when the tutoring here can be made available there. We will hope that the injustice and incompleteness that seem to rim so many faithful souls in this life shall find their balance in a larger justice and freer growth with new surroundings, but under the old and ever new divine conditions of right and endless growth. We will hope that in some celestial fashion sundered ties are to be reunited and that the tears caused by separation are to be followed by the joys of reunion. We will hope for the infinite growth of the soul as it climbs through the endless chambers of being, finding its deathless life in a boundless universe. We will hope that on these rising galleries of the immortal life every being that has ever received its life from God will be found by rays of light and heat that will pierce the darkest cells of ignorance and burn away the blackest incrustations of sin, beckoning, wooing, com-

pulling the soul in the deepest hell to climb towards the highest heaven.

Well, this is hoping enough for one sermon, although you must all feel that I have made a bungling job of it. I have not begun to frame in words the hopes that haunt the humblest hearts daily and hourly. The human soul is a splendid hoper. It does a large business in the expectation line. A little child in its breakfast wishing forecasts a century of struggle and mingles with its enjoyment of the griddle-cakes the delights of prospective triumphs and possessions, which by dint of study, toil and persistent search his grandchildren *may* realize.

Now, for your first question.—Are these hopes justified by reason? “Prove to me”, you say, “that there is anything in these hopes and I am ready for more toil, for more patience, for more sacrifice.” Arguments are not wanting that point to the validity of each one of these hopes,—arguments that to me are so conclusive in their suggestiveness that it would have been easier for me to say most of the way through, “I believe”, rather than “I hope”. I say conclusive in their *suggestiveness*, not in their demonstrations—“Intimations” is Wordsworth’s word—for this cathedral of Hope, like the cathedral of Cologne, is too large, varied and beautiful to be included in clear outlines in any one vision. There is too much of it for demonstration. The mind can demonstrate only that which it can surround and hold.

I believe that these hopes are justified first—by the *experiences of the past*. Humanity has already made such strides towards these great hopes that we are warranted in the expectation of still greater conquests. The cramped cottage of the day laborer of to-day is so much more comfortable and luxurious than the royal tent of our early Aryan forefathers as to warrant the laborer to hope for the mansion which his soul needs because it hungers for it. Our school-children to-day know so many things that Sir Isaac Newton did not know that he must be an unreasoning man indeed who does not have a measureless hope for the intellectual growth and scientific triumph in store for man. Homes are so much more gentle, woman’s heart is regarded with so much more sacredness, than in former days, as to warrant the most hopeless wife of the most thoughtless husband to confidently expect better and still better things, if not to herself, then to her daughter and her daughter’s daughters. The rack and the stake are already left behind so far in church history as to justify the hope that after a while the churches will get through with their miserable business of excommunications, their theological ostracisms, and their petty attempts to survey the kingdom of God with their feeble theological instruments and to outline the kingdom of heaven with their short thought-lines. Mind so often triumphs over matter and soul holds its identity so well, that it is not so presumptuous as many suppose to think that *it* is the fundamental essence which creates body, uses body, and discards body, and in each process strengthens its own individuality.

After this argument of experience comes the argument from *present resources*. One thing is sure—we have not yet got to the end of things. We are

still going on, and we are traveling at a constantly increasing rate, and he who to-day would discount any of the hopes of the human race, renders himself open to the suspicion that he has not recently taken account of stock. There was sold upon our streets this last week a fanciful copy of the *Chicago Herald* for September, 1985. There is much more than a clever conceit in its pages. To the thoughtful it offers food for sober reflection, and, laughable as it is to-day, I am sure that the actual *Herald* that will be published in Chicago one hundred years from now would startle us more than this playful guess possibly can. Take the biggest souls in history. Whenever they have turned their prophetic eyes to the future they have proven themselves too small for the task. They have underestimated it. Plato’s Republic is too primitive to meet the wants of the United States. Columbus hunting for India found America. The astronomer, groping for a satellite, stumbles upon a planet. Jesus, seeking the lost sheep of Israel, little dreamed that he was bargaining for the redemption of a Christendom that has encompassed the globe with its spiritual triumphs. Paul, in such a hurry to save a remnant of the first century life from the final destruction which he thought was pending, little expected that his hope would serve as a helmet to us of the nineteenth century, with more to do and more to do with now than Paul ever dreamed of. This argument from *present possibilities* does not break down in the presence of the last and greatest of hopes. Hard as it is to conceive of a continued life to the soul of man, it is harder to conceive of its utter destruction. Let death come when it will, there is too much left to be wasted. God means a cathedral on this great foundation. The universe cannot afford to lose that which has been elaborated so painfully and which represents so many costly forces. Theodore Parker once wrote a paper on “A Bumble-bee’s Thought of the Universe”. It is the supposed speech delivered by the president of a convention of scientific bumble-bees, held at Bumbloonian, in a little valley among the Jura mountains, in the year 1,000,617 B.C. The learned president, upon whom the bumble-bee empress had conferred the “Order of the Long Sting”, reviews nature and divides the life upon the earth into two great classes, the Protozoa and the Articulata. In this last order, he says, “begins the true life of mind”, and at the head of this order is the bumble-bee. He reasons that “the bumble-bee is the purpose of the universe”, and concludes that “no order of being can ever come superior to us”. Now the only great mistake that the bumble-bee made was in thus fixing the bounds of the universe at the limits of his own knowledge and experience. He did not rate the bumble-bee too high for that time,—mark the date,—but he rated the universe too low. He did not properly estimate the fertility of nature, he did not adequately measure the possibilities of life. Friends, much of this would-be attempt to crush out the indestructible and all but universal hope of man is bumble-bee logic, because it accepts the limits of our little bumble-bee knowledge as the limits of life.

But the real purpose of this sermon is to insist that these great hopes spring not from great arguments,

but from the greatness of souls. Consequently they are possible only to great souls. They are things of vision and not of logic. Only great souls can have great hopes. Immortality, itself, as Emerson has well said, "takes base form for the savage; no more truth can be conveyed than the mind can bear." If you want to increase your hope, you must increase your being. If your room is dingy you cannot make it permanently cheerful with more lamps and better reflectors. Break a hole in your wall and put in another window. If you cannot get side light put in a skylight. If your tree is withered and dry, water the roots,—never mind the leaves. If your apple crop is poor, you do not next year poultice the branches, but you manure the ground. So it is with the soul. It is hopeless only in regard to those things it is ignorant of or mean towards. If you have no hope for better times and think that starvation, poverty and relentless toil are to be the lasting lot for men, take a course of study in physical geography, or a trip through Minnesota, Iowa and Kansas. If you think that the physical life of men and women is degenerating, that there is less health than in former times, that life is growing shorter and weaker, ask your doctor, and he will show you how groundless is your hopelessness. Are the times growing morally worse? Are men becoming more wicked, cruel and gross? Ask Lecky, who has written the "History of European Morals". Are people growing less religious? Acquaint yourself with the life of even Palestine in the saintly long ago, and acquaint yourself with the forces in the human hearts to-day, and out of that acquaintance will spring a great hope for religion. Is there no life beyond the grave? Are there no stars glimmering in the darkness of death? Go to work the harder. Make the most of the life you do believe in. Sink new wells in your heart. Build new domes of thought in your mind, and presently you will find that, instead of your finding the eternal life, the eternal life has found you. The stars you looked for above and beyond sparkle like diamonds in the blue dome of your own being. Emerson says, "It is not my duty to prove the immortality of the soul." I think it is small business for you or me to waste the time in hunting for *evidences* of the immortal life, that ought to be spent in making ourselves *worthy* of the immortal life. No great hope ever shone into a selfish heart. Larger hopes come only to enlarging souls. The electrician is the man who has magnificent hopes that the economic and industrial life of the world is to be revolutionized by electricity. Just as a hundred years ago the few men who knew most about steam had such hopes about it as made men then say "You are crazy!"—and we now say "You only half guessed it!" A graduate of a London college recently applied for and secured a position as a teacher of Indians in the Pine Ridge agency. In regard to this application he wrote to me the other day: "I sought this position because I have large sympathy with and faith in barbaric people, arising from a careful study of their ideas, religion and modes of thinking, through the works of Spencer, Tyler, Lubbock, Morgan and others. Hence I have wanted to know the Indians *first-hand*." "Ah! but", you say, "he will find to his sorrow

that the only good Indian is the dead Indian. The more he knows of them the less he will like them." Ask Colonel Armstrong of the Hampton school. Ask the Riggses of the Dakota reservation, who for three generations have given their lives enthusiastically to this work. Ask the lamented Helen Hunt Jackson, whose life burned into a white heat of enthusiasm for this hated race, whose last years were mellowed by a sympathy for them which grew out of knowledge. Do you talk about the stupidity of children? Ask the kindergartener, whose life is radiant with enthusiasm over the teachableness even of the stupid ones. Do you believe in the hopelessness of labor, and despair of ever lifting it into moral and intellectual dignity? Visit the Manual Training school. Are you infidel enough to talk about or believe in "hopeless classes", "fallen women" and "brutal men" as fixed factors in human life? Follow Charles Dickens through the slums of London and find a "Nancy" to every "Bill Sykes". Read Miss Murfree's *stories* of the poor whites of Eastern Tennessee. "Trash" is the word stupidly applied to them by those who know them not. But to a Miss Murfree, with a soul enlarged by intimate acquaintance, that life is decorated with tenderest grace at times, illumined with highest chivalry. There, as in your would-be refined society of city circles, girls die of broken hearts without making a sign, men's lives are ennobled by women's smiles, and little graves sanctify rugged hearts. A city undertaker, whose duties often led him to follow his coffins into places where the feet of the reputable never tread, once said to me: "I have had more religious quickening, my faith in humanity has been lifted, my heart has been touched more tenderly by what I have seen and heard in those places and at such times than they have ever been at church." The finest moral enthusiasm I have touched recently has been in some teachers of our public schools, who in their attempt to improve the morals, to make education touch the lives of their children, find their own lives warmed into great hopes and high expectations for even the worst and most stupid and depraved of these little children of the public.

Enlarge your life, then, and you will enlarge your hope. Increase your knowledge and your hopes may ripen into conviction. Great hopes are possible only to great souls. The selfish man's hope of heaven is base. It is as undignified as the scramble for front seats in a free concert. Let me be sustained in my work by the purpose to do the best I can and the all I can during the brief working day of this life, to be rewarded by the eternal sleep in the motherly bosom of Nature, rather than to be sustained by the conventional hope that is born out of wretchedly selfish conditions,—that which expects "endless bliss" in an unmerited heaven, with the gate closed against any soul to whose weakness I was related and in whose sinfulness I was partaker, as we all are responsible for one another. Nobler a thousand times is the high spirit of George Eliot's great hymn,

"O may I join the choir invisible
Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence: live

In pulses stirred to generosity,
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
For miserable aims that end with self",

than the self-centered wail of

"I want to be an angel
And with the angels stand,
A crown upon *my* forehead,
A harp within *my* hand".

You cannot put a great hope into a small soul. If God and the angels, heaven and eternity are but empty names to you, the only remedy is to enlarge your being so that the reality which these words stand for may find entrance. The timidity of the church of to-day springs from a suspicion that God and the immortal life may be blown about upon the breath of a logician, the one saved by a syllogism, and the other secured by a signature to this creed or that. Great hopes are for great souls only. The baby will take a gold watch, an ivory ring or a picture of a Madonna and put them all into ~~into~~ his mouth. And so the baby soul has no better use for the thought of God and the eternal life than to try to cut his theological teeth upon them. Emerson, in that great essay of his on "Immortality", tells of the child who in trying to realize the endless life said, "It makes me feel so tired". You have heard of the pious old lady who after listening to an earnest argument for the Universalist's faith in the ultimate salvation of all, remarked with a sigh, "Perhaps it is true, but I shall hope for better things". Great hopes are for great souls. The only way to know the former is to strive for the latter. And this is good Bible doctrine. "Enlarge the place of thy tent. Lengthen thy cords and strengthen thy stakes", says the old prophet. "God is revealed to the pure in heart", said Jesus. "He that doeth the deed shall know the doctrine." "The hope of the unjust man perisheth", says the Book of Proverbs. "The hypocrite's hope shall perish", said the author of Job.

I would not deal with this great anxiety of the soul for an immortal life with anything but the profoundest respect. Far be it from me to treat it as anything other than one of the most sacred inspirations of life. But I do feel that there is something unwholesome, or at least unprofitable, in this rude external search for the evidences of that whose roots are planted deep in the sub-soil of our common being. The spiritualists have a principle which I wish they and all the rest of us were more zealous in heeding. When we protest against this horde of Indian revelators that are ever coming from heaven and presenting themselves in the dimly lighted and ghostly cabinets to teach us mortals the lessons of the immortal life in Choctaw English, the reply is, that imperfect media must give imperfect revelation, that the narrow and ignorant soul of the medium necessarily limits the quality of the spirit that will speak through it. This is good logic enough. Then, in heaven's name, let us go to work and develop souls here large enough, so that if word is to come from the shoreless land it may come tiding in the fullness of intellectual vigor, strength of statement and precision of utterance that characterized the noblest spirits before they went thither. I prefer the undefiled English of Theodore Parker in the body to the florid, turbid stream of rhetoric that

purports to come from his spirit *out* of the body. If the fault is that of the medium, as it may be, I decline the poorer dish from heaven, that I may feed upon the more nourishing dish that was prepared here on earth. Great hopes are for great souls.

Let us try to look a little more closely at the nature of this "helmet" that prepares us for life's battle, to use the martial imagery of Paul. Hope is a much more domestic, practical and every-day maiden than the artists have been in the habit of representing her. Walter Blackman, our Chicago artist in Paris, has a winsome head and face now on exhibition at the exposition building, which he calls "Hope". It is full of that dreamy, far off, up-in-the-air kind of beauty, an earnest face, with a brow that indicates the possibility of thought; the eyebrows and eyelashes bespeak a tropical wealth of feeling, and the mouth is curved to sweetness. But if this girl were walking she would surely stub her toes, and if the artist had given her hands they would have to be listless, and, if her chin is any indication of character, if she met with trouble or danger she would be more likely to burst into tears than to face it, fight it, vanquish it. So far this face fails to represent the real Goddess of Hope that is in the world, and that has been in the world ever since man began to wrestle with his surroundings, and that will remain in the world as long as man has an unrealized hope and an unsatisfied longing. I recognize this element of time in hope. The beauty on the horizon line does enter into the hopeful life,—the eye will gather the far off glory. But Hope is also a busy maiden. She has her eyes fixed on things near. There is a vast difference between the hope that is inspiration, that is shoes to the willing feet and gloves to the nimble hands, and that day-dreaming, rock-me-to-sleep-in-the-hammock kind of spiritual indolence that a great many people mistake for hopefulness. Wordsworth recognized this distinction between Hope and mere wishing, and stated it well in these lines—

"Hope rules a land forever green :
All powers that serve the bright-eyed Queen
Are confident and gay ;
Clouds at her bidding disappear.
Points she to aught ?—the bliss draws near,
And Fancy smooths the way.
* * * * *
Not such the land of Wishes—there
Dwell fruitless day-dreams, lawless prayer,
And thoughts with things at strife."

The earlier thought was that electricity was very shy of the earth, that it must be kept high up in air if it was to be managed ; and so two wires were provided for each current in the earlier telegraph system. After awhile it was found that the earth would answer the purpose for one wire. Now they are finding out that the earth is the best place for the other one, and it is only a question of time when the wires will be all underground, and it will give a more electric system of communication than ever. Let us learn a lesson and lay our wires underground. Let our daily inspiration flow in magnetic currents through the dirt under our feet, and then great hopes will go tiding through our daily toil. Heavenly joys will throb in our common duties. The eternal life will be in the heart and in the hand that bakes the bread that sustains the mor-

tal body. Men will do business for the glory of God. They will buy and sell in the interest of heaven, and "holiness to the Lord will be upon the bells of the horses, and the pots in the house shall be like the bowls before the altar." Let no one shudder at all this. It does not mean any rude disenchantment. Hope is a goddess still. Poetry and prophecy are about her. The long vision comes from the near study. The shallowest stream reflects the stars, and the warmth of the sun is found in the daisy's petal. Hope will thus read the lesson of infinite possibilities in the lowest and humblest life. It will

"Honor each thing for what it once may be;
In bud the rose, in egg the chicken see;
Bright butterfly behold in ugly worm,
And trust that man enfolds an angel form."

It will see the greatest things in the smallest realities, largest joys springing out of humblest pains, highest hopes out of lowliest duties.

"In the eye of a gnat an elephant lies,
From a kernel of corn broad harvests arise:
The Euphrates is seen in a dew-drop alone,
And one heart doth the heart of omnipotence throne."

How can I say it? These great hopes are attained only as the finite opens its life to the infinite, only as man climbs the mount of attainment, only as he slowly assumes the proportions of a god. Deathless is man so far as he is love. Immortal is the soul so far as it is true. Indissoluble are the bands that unite heart to heart, so long as they throb with helpfulness. In what or how these great hopes are to culminate in that great future towards which we are tending I dare not venture to guess. I am warned by the experience of man in the past that it will be something nobler than the noblest conception, something truer than our truest dreams, something more lofty than our fondest fancies. Pour into the future your ultimate want. Project there your deepest hunger. People it with your heart's fondest creations. And then Hope bids me in the name of the past experience of the race, in the name of the unmeasured possibilities about us and within us, to shake my head and say "No, it is not this, it is something very, very different from all this, because it will be something immensely better than all this, for 'eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him'".

Let the infinite life tide through our life. Then we will ask no proof and offer no arguments and wait for no revelations, but strive now to enter into that immortality that was, is, and ever shall be,—to doubt which is to believe in chaos, is to be deaf to all harmony, is to be opposed to all law, is to deny all science and honor no truth.

Early one Sunday morning, just as the sun was rising out of the depths of the ocean, the throb of the great engine in the heart of a noble steamer ceased, the tireless moaning of the engine was silent and the great ship rolled passively at mid-sea. A thousand passengers were wakened out of their belated sleep by the unexpected calm, by the surprise of the stillness. Were the fires out? Was the ma-

chinery broken? —a wheel disabled? No. As we afterwards learned it was but the giving of the body of a little babe, a child of one of the steerage passengers, to the waves. It was the Sunday morning burial of a wee child at sea. The mother was a poor, sick Irish immigrant, who was carrying her first born child, the delight and joy of the steerage for the first days of the voyage, to its father and her husband, who had preceded them to the coal-fields of Pennsylvania. I had seen something of the mother before, and much of her after, this solemn burial at sea, and saw how she struggled with her grief and wrestled with her loneliness. As we were entering the harbor at New York I went down to that dingy hole for a last word and a good-bye. The flood-gates had at last given way and a great heart relieved itself in mighty sobs and bitter streams of tears. Some women had been down just before me bidding her to look up, and trying their poor arts of consolation with some of their clumsy evidences and arguments that her child yet lived and that she should yet clasp him. When the storm subsided she said, "Indeed, indeed, mister, it be not for the darlin' baby that I bees a crying, for I think it must be well with him, for he was so sweet and innocent like, but it bees for poor Patsy, who will be sorely disappointed when I comes to him without his baby." This is immortality. This is "life of God" and it must live as long as God lives. Better than all the arguments the women could give to her was this divine self-forgetfulness springing out of that blessed heart in its Mary-anguish, as evidence of the eternal life. Better than all materialization was this transcendent triumph over matter which made itself manifest in that emigrant heart. Here was a great hope springing out of a great soul. I say "great soul" because, spite of the simplicity of her life, the meagerness of her lettered lore, there was in that heart a greatness akin to Calvary, that which might well challenge all the loving inspirations that artists have ever put into the face of the Madonna. This is *being* immortal, *deserving* immortality, *partaking of* immortality, God in us, we in God, forever and forever more.

ST. MARTIN'S SUMMER.

Dear summer of St. Martin, when the days
Grow languid with the half-forgotten heat
Of real summer; grasses dry and sweet
Faint perfume breathe through the dim purple haze,
Crisp ferns and leaves look upward in amaze—
From out their spicy, cool, dim wood retreat—
That to the lives they reckoned complete
Is come this glad renaissance which delays
For a brief moment winter's flying feet.

One simple boon I ask, with tears, apart,
That when my little life shall near its close,
Once more the song of bird and scent of rose
May wake a summer gladness in my heart,
Which with its glow shall warm chill winter's
breath,—
Then will I gladly say, welcome, sweet Death!

ABBIE F. JUDD.

WESTBORO', MASS.

UNITY.

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Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion.

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CHARLES H. KERR, *Office Editor.*

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CHICAGO, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1885.

THE Union Teachers' meeting, Monday noon, Oct. 12, was largely attended and full of interest. The leader, J. Ll. Jones, considered the Book of Amos as standing at the high-water mark of Hebrew literature, and in vigor of speech it has been classed with Dante. The writer, a shepherd of the southern kingdom, appears in the interesting light of an independent prophet. He was a great poet and a great student, filled with indignation against the sins of his people. The clearness and scope of his mind carried his view around the entire kingdom of Judah in his terse summarization of their leading sins. The theology of the prophets was simple and direct. Given, sin, and there must come punishment. Given, repentance, and Yahveh would cause a return of prosperity. Israel was blind to its own sins, which were those against religion. They had allowed their "idols to cause them to err", in their luxuriousness of living, greed of possession, and oppression of the poor. Their vices had crept into the church and fastened upon the prophets themselves, and he called upon them, with all the magnificent power of language at his command, to be ashamed for their church in the sight of the nations. Mr. Jones believed the era of the Nazarites was a protest against the intemperate luxury of living, which sprung up contemporaneously with the prophets. Mr. Blake insisted that the Nazarites came not into being as a temperance society. Mr. Utter thought the teachers should feel at liberty to pick up side issues, and if any part of the lesson was better adapted to their classes than another, to make it the lesson for the day. This he considered one of the means for adapting the one topic system to general use. Mr. Blake's intention in preparing a course of lessons of this character is to

give the young people a *taste* for the Bible, as something different in its quality of regard for the book, from what a *knowledge* of it might be.

ST. JOSEPH, Mo.—Pending fuller reports from the secretary of the conference held last week at St. Joseph, we venture to say that it was a quickening time. Delegates were present from Kansas City, Lawrence, Topeka, Omaha, Quincy and Chicago. The central interest culminated around the church building problems. St. Joseph and Kansas City both are in the hopeful interest of creative work in this direction.

HUMBOLDT, IOWA. Last Sunday, October 4th, the annual Harvest Service was observed at our Unity church. The church was appropriately decorated and well filled to welcome the new minister, Rev. Marian Murdock. In her sermon she showed that the same laws obtain and hold true in the physical, moral and spiritual worlds alike. In the evening a very interesting programme was carried out by the Sunday-school. The recitations were accompanied by offerings of the various grains, grasses, fruits, vegetables, grown in our fields and gardens, and also branches of nearly all the varieties of trees familiar to this locality. Monday evening the ladies served a harvest supper at the church, which was followed by a sale of the produce donated for decoration purposes, and a general social good time. Next Monday evening we are promised a lecture from Julia Ward Howe. G. S. G.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.—We hear that in this state there are "six vacant Unitarian pulpits, but the churches are industriously hearing candidates at the rate of forty a year. It is presumable that if they were seeking able, devoted, thoughtful men, there would be no difficulty, but they want some one who can make a favorable impression on the eyes and ears—some one too utterly lovely for any use." We fear that when this "too utterly lovely" minister is found, he will put the parishes through the candidating business, and he will want a "too utterly lovely" parish. What then?

TROY, N. Y. A reception was given to the new pastor and his wife, Rev. and Mrs. W. H. Spencer, by the Unitarian society at this place on the 8th inst. Nearly two hundred people were present, among them several of the Troy clergymen. The local paper has kindly words of welcome, and says that the new workers received a warm greeting.

THE Channing Club of the Christian Union church, Reading, Mass., enters on its third season with a study of the history and present condition of the Unitarian movement, using Mr. Allen's book, "Our Liberal Movement in Theology", as a guide. Certain points of the history will be supplemented by lectures by the pastor. Last winter's course, a reading and criticism of "Ecce Homo", was much enjoyed and found very suggestive. There are some books that do not grow old with time, and "Ecce Homo" is one of these. It may be recommended to those clubs and classes desirous of studying the spirit of Christianity. Mr. Seeley is not always convincing but he is always stimulating. C. J. S.

WHERE is the Unitarian that can give us a better definition of holiness than this by the Methodist minister, Rev. J. W. Lee, of Georgia, which we take from a sermon recently published in *The Christian Register*? "Holiness is wholeness. It is beauty. It is symmetry. It is harmonious combination. It is normal adjustment and relation. It is purity in affection, truth in intellect, goodness in practice. It is the reproduction in human life of mercy, justice, knowledge, wisdom and love. It is man at his climax—humanity in bloom. It is the subordination of the basilar nature to the demands of the coronal. It is the translation of the lower self, the lusts of the flesh, the pride of life, and the claims of the appetites into the lowliness of mind, the patience and the consecration of the upper self. It is the subjective condition of a man whose life forces are regulated and applied in accordance with the law of the spirit of life. It is dying to a narrow, limited, local, selfish life, to breathe the atmosphere, share the hopes, and rejoice in the prospects of an unlimited, unselfish, and universal life. Every power of body, and faculty of mind, and element of spirit are brought into harmony the one with the other, and all into unison with the law of God; the appetites into their place, the conscience into its place, the reason in its place,—each doing its own work, no one enlarged in position or function at the expense of the other, but all working together to one supreme end—the praise of God and the good of man. This is the holiness for which man was made, the holiness which meets the demands of his nature and the deep instincts of his heart."

CONFERENCE SOCIABLES. It would seem axiomatic enough that if delegates are sent to a conference to represent a church, they should, upon their return to the church, represent the conference. Such representation, however, the conferences have had but inadequately. The following plan has been successfully tried in one parish, and deserves attention. Let a full meeting of the parish be held immediately after the conference to hear the reports of the delegates. Let the delegates aim to be unrefracting mediums through whom the various aspects of the conference are accurately and fully transmitted. Let one describe the journey, its humor and its wisdom; another the papers and sermons; another the business; another the sociability, etc. The parts might be written or spoken, but if the delegates shrink from reading or speaking in public, as often happens, let their papers be read by an editor, as in college societies. The awakening influence of conferences should be carried to all the parishioners, and to that end some plan, if not the above, should be tried.

A. M. J.

REV. J. H. ALLEN sends the following, which explains itself. UNITY is anxious that such excellent work as Mr. Allen is doing shall be understood and appreciated by its readers: "I see that UNITY, in a very gratifying mention of my little book, commits two errors which may be worth correcting. (1) It should be 'Our', not 'The Liberal Movement'—a too pretentious title for me to take. (2) The

"'Outlines' of Christian History (not 'An Outline') is spoken of as if it were a sort of abridgement or compend of the 'Christian History' in three volumes. Instead of this, I suppose that at least half the matter in the 'Outline' is not contained in those three volumes at all. They were, on the contrary, an expansion, or discussion, or illustration of the critical points which merge in the history and give it character, so to speak. So that the two help each other out by taking up things from a wholly different direction and handling them in a wholly different way."

REV. MANGASAR M. MANGASARIAN, of Philadelphia, in a manly way vacated the Presbyterian pulpit which he had occupied for three years, the other day, for doctrinal reasons, and will seek the freer atmosphere of Congregationalism. In his last sermon he said he ridiculed "the idea of a personal devil. God does not delight in the writhings of a punished soul. Honesty is not the best policy, but it is the best virtue; total depravity is a black-mailing of human nature." There was much more good sense, high morality and tender feeling in the sermon. We would like to know how to pronounce his name.

JANESVILLE, WIS. Rev. Joseph Waite occupied the pulpit of All Souls church, Janesville, Sunday, October 4th. Mr. Waite is a clear and forcible speaker, and left a very pleasant impression. The plan is for him to preach in Janesville in the morning and in Baraboo in the evening, dividing his time during the week between the two places, and it is hoped that this arrangement will become permanent. We welcome Mr. Waite to the new work and fellowship, and are glad to know that the goodly pulpit of Janesville is again occupied.

"A COMMON SENSE VIEW OF THE BOOKS OF THE OLD TESTAMENT", by Rufus P. Stebbins, D. D., published by the Unitarian Sunday-school Society of Boston, which is intended by the publishers, and probably also by its author, to be a manual for the Sunday-school teacher, will not be so useful as is hoped, because the teachers who are sufficiently interested in the subjects with which it deals to make use of it are almost certain to be unable to teach that Moses wrote any part of the Pentateuch. See the article entitled "Discriminate", in another column.

THE Cambridge Divinity School was formally opened October 7th, this year, with a lecture by Professor Toy. Twenty-three students were present. Doctor Clarke is to lecture before the students Sunday evenings and Mr. Batchelor is to give twenty lectures on "New Testament Ethics".

THE LONGFELLOW CLASS in connection with the Third church of this city, began its work last week with sixteen young people present. They are to devote the year to the study of Whittier.

WE acknowledge receipt of "The Life and Times of William Lloyd Garrison", just from the press of the Century Company. We shall notice it at length hereafter.

Announcements.

The Subscription price of **UNITY** is \$1.50 per annum, payable in advance. Single copies 5 cents.

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CHICAGO CALENDAR.

ALL SOULS CHURCH, corner Oakwood boulevard and Ellis avenue. Minister, Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones; residence, 2001 1/2 Thirty-seventh street. Sunday, Oct. 18, service at 10:45 A. M.; Mr. Jones's subject will be,—"The Sunrise Hymn".

CHURCH OF THE MESSIAH, corner of Michigan avenue and Twenty-third street. Minister, Rev. David Utter; residence, 13 Twenty-second street. Service begins promptly at 10:45 A. M., Sunday-school promptly at 12:15. The Ladies' Industrial and Benevolent Society meets every Friday at 10 A. M. The Industrial School holds a Saturday morning session—teachers needed. Mr. Utter will preach Sunday morning upon "Reality and Vision".

UNITY CHURCH, corner Dearborn avenue and Walton place. Sunday, October 18, service at 10:45 morning. Sermon by Rev. G. E. Gordon, of Milwaukee. Sunday-school at 12:10.

THIRD UNITARIAN CHURCH, corner Monroe and Laflin streets. Service at 10:45 morning. Sermon by pastor, J. V. Blake. Teachers' meeting, Monday evening, October 19, at 7:30. Literary club, Tuesday evening, October 20, at 8 o'clock. Choir meeting, Saturday evening, October 24, at 7:30.

MONDAY NOON, 19th October, the Union Teachers' meeting, at the Channing Club room, 135 Wabash avenue, Rev. David Utter, leader.

ALL SOULS CHURCH, CHICAGO.—The many friends who have so kindly expressed their interest in our building enterprise, particularly those who have so generously subscribed to the Fund, have a right to know how we are getting along and what our present plans and prospects are. As will be seen from the figures below, we are still something over \$2,000 short. We had hoped that we might close the contract with the builders on the first of October, at which date the very favorable bids secured officially expired, though doubtless most of the contractors will abide by their figures a short time longer. It will be a serious disadvantage to us if we cannot arrange for the laying of the

foundations before winter, so that we may hope for the completion of the building by the first of May next, at which time our present leases expire, and pastor and parish will be at that time literally houseless, and to make temporary provision will increase the money pinch. The \$7,101.83 now on our subscription book represent the generosity of 309 different subscribers. They have come from the following sources: **THE CHICAGO FUND** aggregates \$3,937.50, divided as follows: *Unity Church*, \$2,645; *Church of the Messiah*, \$335; *Third Church*, \$173; *All Souls Church*, \$784.50 [in addition to the \$6,000 subscribed for the lot]. The **UNITY FUND**, in response to the appeal sent to the **UNITY** readers on July 1st, \$2,858.93; the **SARATOGA FUND**, in response to a circular letter sent September 8, to most of the delegates to the last session of the National Unitarian Conference, \$305.40.

Will those who have the purpose to "lend a hand" to any amount, do so at as early a date as convenient?—and in that way lessen our pressure and increase our gratitude. Gratefully,

JENKIN LLOYD JONES,
Pastor of All Souls Church, Chicago.

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